The Inquirer

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PARLIAMENT OF MAN

A POLITICAL drama of absorbing importance has been played out during the past weeks at the General Assembly meetings of the United Nations. Most of the heads of state have been in New York (most of them described in unflattering terms by responsible correspondents). They have been drawn there probably because of the Congo, and because the battle is now set for the future of the African continent. Half the membership of the United Nations now consists of the Afro-Asian group. In the struggle for power, a struggle of ideas as well as of disguised force, this group cannot be ignored. They represent certain peoples that are entering upon the stage of history for the first time. At least, history as understood by the white races. Up to now the African races have played no part in world events. They have been relatively asleep for recorded time. Under the influence of their contact with European peoples and modern communications they are coming alive. A giant is stirring. New nations have yet to come into being. They too will be represented in the United Nations, and soon the coloured nations will have a majority vote in the Assembly.

In any foreseeable future this is dramatic enough. It will put the Parliament of Man under considerable strain. Its survival as a world power, as distinct from other world powers, distinct in status and hope, will partly depend upon the interest and wisdom of the coloured bloc.

African Giant

During the past weeks they have rebuffed Mr. Khrushchev. The time will come of course when this country will have to take the strain, when for instance South Africa and Rhodesia are discussed. The African giant is going to be very difficult to handle. The communist bloc has discovered this. Mr. Khrushchev is seeking the dismissal of Mr. Hammarskjold, probably because he upset the Russian plans in the Congo by his vital interpretation of the function of the United Nations as a neutral body.

It is obvious that the Secretary-General is in great favour with the African nations. If they do not want to be caught in the struggle between the West and the East and perhaps be involved in the complications that are bound to follow, their only help is to be found in the United Nations Organisation. It is now clear to many observers that the new Africa can only develop through disinterested international aid, and that can only be channelled through the new world power that has entered upon the scene during the past few weeks. If Mr. Hammarskjold goes, as his predecessor Mr. Trygve Lie went under Russian pressure, there will be a new situation. That is what Mr. Khrushchev wants. At the moment the balance of power in the Assembly is against him. It will be against him whilst the Afro-Asian group supports Mr. Hammarskjold; and as long as there is a democrat and not a communist as Secretary-General. The democrat is likely to act from democratic principles, without any axe to grind for an ideology.

The Meeting Place

The new Africa will arise through the disinterested motives of a democratic Assembly, and that must be a bleak outlook for the communists. No wonder Mr. Khrushchev wishes virtually to have the power to place the veto on any action of a future Secretary or Secretaries. Communist power is under pressure from the new Africa. The time will come when this country will be under pressure, but at the moment it is the Russians who are experiencing strain, and that is hard for them to bear.

Particularly in New York. They must have known the reception they would receive in the city. Yet they went. They did so because they could not stay away. Like a magnet the United Nations attracted them and other heads of state. That is the measure of its strength. And for all this to take place in one of the centres of the Western world is in itself a challenge to the communist ideology. No wonder Mr. Khrushchev desires the meeting place of the United Nations to be somewhere else. For the first time the nations of the world have a Parliament, with real strength which can be exercised. The fact that the Russian leader wishes it to operate in another centre is evidence enough of the new status of the United Nations. It is unlikely that the Organisation will move from New York. The new world power is neutral; it is unlikely that it will play anybody's game. The communists might attempt to destroy it, or make it ineffective, but such an attempt would at least be an admission of part defeat before the African nations. The latter would know full well the meaning of Mr. Khrushchev's action, and would know that it was made not out of consideration for them.

The present Assembly is one of the most remarkable ever held. Many issues are in doubt as these notes are written. Great struggles must be taking place behind the scenes. Probably the Parliament of Man will come out of the challenge with new strength. If that happens then indeed a new chapter will begin in the history of modern man. But why not, as the *Observer* comments, meet alternately in Leningrad?

THE UNANSWERED QUESTION

By Phillip Hewett

DURING the past few months much has been said in the columns of the *Inquirer* which touches directly or indirectly upon the central unanswered question of Unitarian history. Yet that question has not been openly raised and faced. It has been asked how far theists or humanists or any other "ists" may properly form part of our fellowship; it has been said that a comprehensive church is an impossibility; it has been suggested that belief in a personal God should be required, at least of ministers.

Such matters are in dispute because we have never resolved, though we have debated it for centuries, the question of whether Unitarianism is based upon doctrine or not. Most dictionaries and encyclopedias would lead us to suppose that it is. The common distinction between Unitarian and Trinitarian, so widely and casually used, implies that it is. Earl Morse Wilbur's history of Unitarianism, which begins with a widely-quoted remark to the effect that he is to describe a movement characterised by freedom, reason and tolerance rather than by doctrines, actually confines itself entirely to a description of non-Trinitarian Christians, some of whom were not particularly tolerant at all.

Yet there has been a long and distinguished stream in our tradition which has insisted that it is not based upon any doctrinal conformity. "Unitarians . . . take charity as their bond of union, instead of faith", said a tract addressed by English Unitarians to their brethren on the Continent in 1821; "they receive with readiness and satisfaction, as a brother, any good man who desires to unite with them in the services of religion."

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"Any good man" is an expression which casts the net pretty widely. It makes no doctrinal demand at all. Nor did John Hamilton Thom when he said in 1850, "We will not suffer the one essential and universal attribute of spiritual Love to injure the reverence for individual conviction which to the individual is an essential honesty: neither will we suffer our own individual conceptions of Truth to separate us from the Church, from the communion and brotherhood of *any in whom that spiritual Love exists.*" (My italics).

Yet it will be retorted, with justice, that both the writers just quoted did most definitely regard themselves as Christians, and thereby limited in at least that sense; so too did Channing when he spoke his celebrated words about belonging to a church from which "no man can be excommunicated but by himself, by the death of goodness in his own breast." In spite of the common use in former times of the word "Unitarian" to describe Muslims (as in Charles Wesley's famous lines,

The Unitarian fiend expel
And chase his doctrines back to hell)

Unitarians almost always regarded themselves as Christians, though they were not so regarded by many of their contemporaries.

The unanswered question, then, is this: can any religious group claim at one and the same time to welcome anyone who sincerely wants to join them, and yet maintain some agreed doctrinal position? Surely you can't have it both ways. Either you have a creed or you don't. Or at least you have to draw a line somewhere. That is what Unitarians have done, as a matter of fact, sometimes without even realising what they were doing. Mrs. Lulu Bartlett says in *Bright Galaxy*, her brilliant study of the growth of Unitarian fellowships in North America, "our fellowship admits that it simply makes life so uncomfortable for those who disagree or have a different approach that they soon leave." The same thing certainly happens in England; I have had the experience, as I suppose every minister must have had, of talking with persons who even grew up in Unitarian families but no longer went to church because the more "advanced" views they had come to adopt made them feel uncomfortable, even hypocritical in a place where everything reflected the acceptance of a much more conservative point of view.

The question could be re-phrased: "whom are we shutting out?" Are we shutting people out on doctrinal grounds? If someone does not believe in a personal God (or if he believes in more than one) is he to be edged out? Are only non-Trinitarian theists acceptable? What then do we say to the Jehovah's Witnesses, who are certainly non-Trinitarian theists, with at least as good a title to the name of Christian as Unitarians have?

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Atheists, it would seem from recent correspondence, should be "out". But who is an atheist? "Atheism owes its success . . . to its philanthropy towards strangers and . . . its parade of a high puritanical morality." Those are words of the Roman emperor Julian; the atheists to whom he refers are the early Christians. Spinoza was referred to by one writer as "that notorious atheist", by another writer as "A God-intoxicated man". Do we not bewilder ourselves in a web of words? Is it ever possible to use labels or doctrines to exclude people? Doesn't that result in the heresy-hunting we deplore elsewhere? "Intellectual agreement is an impossibility" said John Hamilton Thom in the sermon already quoted.

Where then do we draw the line? Obviously we cannot have a church which tries to please agnostics and fundamentalists, Catholics and Baptists, ritualists and anti-ritualists, all at once, or even in turn. Is it not a certain bent of mind, an attitude rather than a doctrinal outlook, which is characteristic of those who feel at home in a truly Unitarian atmosphere? The liberal-minded person, no matter what his views, can breathe the Unitarian air; the dogmatist, the illiberal, no matter how close his ideas to those commonly expressed in a particular church, can never do so.

No doubt such an approach raises as many questions as it answers. But they are questions which are worth while. The ideal suggested is one which has seldom been realised among us. We have not yet come to terms with our basic unanswered question. But if this is not the answer, then what is?

PULPIT AND PEW

By Charles Easton

THERE must be many ministers who in a moment of frustration have pushed aside a Sunday's sermon saying, "What does it matter? Nothing I can say is likely to alter any one of our congregation." But should we count the dangerous flattery of seeing someone change his soundly based personal opinions for those which out of an entirely different experience we have crystallised for ourselves? In a Unitarian community one man's ideas are as sacred as the next's, so what are we setting out to do in preaching? What should our congregations expect as they settle themselves down each Sunday for the sermon?

Even if they hope to hear something new, exciting and challenging, is this the right kind of discourse for which to hope? The great moments of religious life are few, as indeed the great moments are few and far between in the regular possession of our daily life. In our own religious development we may look back to mark the decision to take religion seriously, the discovery that our growing ideas are welcome in a Unitarian community, with perhaps the decision to explore the immediacy of religion. Often we cannot distinguish even these moments until long after they have happened, and in the life of one brought up in a Unitarian church they are even less distinct.

Yet because ministers know that congregations hope to hear something "stimulating" each week, there is always the temptation to look for some new idea to preach, to add to the already considerable store of religious knowledge they already possess. But is the religious life no more than the accumulation of theology and argument? A man may bear his soul under the burden of doctrine as easily as under the load of riches. And in the day when his soul shall be required of him, how will he stand?

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The purpose of human existence has not changed in the two thousand years that have passed since Jesus posed that question.

A soul is required of us in the twentieth century as it was required in the first, and a soul is the accumulation of spiritual awareness. This is our weekly, our daily and our hourly task. A congregation should not look to its minister to produce new and startling ideas. There are very few new religious ideas. It needs to do no more than to look to him to repeat more clearly and to unfold more surely the truths which religious men have always known. A minister should not suppose he is called radically to change his people. His is the never ending opportunity of helping them to unfold their own maturing spiritual selves, and leading them to lay hold with increasing sureness upon the things which never pass away.

We should look to grow in the religious life as we mature in our craft or our profession. We are told that after twenty-five, we do not add much to the essential life skills we have by then acquired. Although henceforward we have nothing more to learn, we get very much better at performing them. It is equally so in religion. There is relatively little new to learn about in religion, once we have unlearned any misleading doctrines that tradition has inflicted upon us. Religion isn't knowing about. Religion is experience. The worship in which we take part week by week is our community response to Spirit. The sermon to which we listen must help us to penetrate yet more deeply into that Life. We should not ask a Unitarian discourse to tell us something new in thought. We want it to help us to renew ourselves. We do not expect it to alter our opinions. We should use it to help us to alter ourselves, so that they present less hindrance to the flow of Spirit. Although from time to time a minister may suggest the response that religious men and women may make to the affairs of social moment, if his teaching of religious virtues is sound, his people will find their own field of service. They will thereby be delivered from continual exhortation to support this or that, until they fall prey to the prevailing ineffectiveness of being cumbered about with too much and too superficial serving. For too long we have proclaimed that our preachers stand in their free pulpits to preach truth as they see it. It were better we seek in our assemblies that our people may increase in truth of experience, as they find it.

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The test of our Unitarianism is not how many doctrines we have discredited, nor how far over the surface of thought we have wandered. The value of our free religious life is in how richly our freedom has enabled us to develop our spiritual aptitudes and increase our spiritual awareness. The question we must ask of our weekly worship and our daily devotion is, Have I in the last five years grown into a surer knowledge of the Spirit? If in all humility we find we have in some measure achieved just this, we can rejoice that we have been worthy of our calling to free religion. We shall then go forward, finding somewhere in each hour of worship, a new challenge to our continually growing spiritual life, to deepen this virtue, to sharpen again that awareness, to renew yet again the attack on this inertia or that egotism. To the deeply religious man or woman, all is Living, and so, ever new. Each day is a new beginning, each meditation a new experience, each effort a new opportunity. As Marcus Aurelius knew so long ago, our spiritual potentiality is "a fountain, whose springing waters can never fail, so thou dig still deeper and deeper".

A LAYMAN'S DIARY

September 8. Yesterday's proceedings at the T.U.C. annual conference, where the Amalgamated Engineering Union voted for two quite contradictory resolutions on defence policy, have reminded several commentators of the odd situation which arose in 1932, when the Liberal ministers in the British Government spoke and voted (with permission) against the tariff policy of their own Government, and everyone pretended that the doctrine of Cabinet responsibility was in no way impaired. No one seems to have recalled an even older example of "facing both ways" which occurred in 1825.

In that year, according to J. G. Lockhart in his biography *Cosmo Gordon Lang* (Hodder and Stoughton, 1949), "the 1,400th anniversary of the Council of Nicaea was celebrated in Westminster Abbey in the presence of the Patriarchs of Alexandria and Jerusalem, two Russian Metropolitans, and representatives of the Greek and Rumanian Churches. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached and the Nicene Creed was solemnly recited, first in its Western form and then according to Orthodox use, without the *filioque*".

The "*filioque* clause" was a clause holding that the Holy Spirit proceeded from the *Son* as well as from the Father, and its insertion into the Nicene Creed by the Western Church precipitated the split (in 1054) between the Eastern and Western branches of the Christian Church. Yet by 1925 it had apparently dwindled to such tiny significance that representatives of the two branches could quite happily use each others' incompatible creeds in a solemn joint service. Indeed, this event was instanced by Bishop G. K. A. Bell as "a notable demonstration of Christian credal unity", though Archbishop Davidson (according to the then Dean of Westminster, Dr. Ryle) felt "not quite comfortable about the whole matter". For myself, I have long felt that this joint recital was a supreme demonstration of the absurdity of demanding subscription to any creed as a requirement for membership of a church. It was as though the two parties had sensibly demolished a wall which was keeping them separate, but had then gone on to use the resulting loose bricks to raise still higher the encircling barrier which insulated them both from their fellow-creatures in the world outside.

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September 9. One evening two or three months ago my wife and I were all set to go to the Mermaid Theatre, Blackfriars, to see *The Life of Galileo*, but at the last moment we were stuck for a sitter-in, and chivalry ordained that I should be one who stayed at home. Tonight, second time lucky, I have managed to go—just in time, as the play (though still packing the house) comes off on October 1st. It is worth while going to the Mermaid simply to see the theatre itself, Bernard Miles's unique venture of faith and enthusiasm: a dingy dock warehouse transformed into a comfortable but stimulating playhouse which is "live theatre" in every sense of the term. It is not tucked away in the back of beyond, as some think; 16 different bus routes go near it, and it is almost next door to Blackfriars Underground Station, which is only two stations east of Charing Cross on the District Line.

Bernard Miles himself was excellent as the cynical, wobbly Galileo Galilei in Brecht's play, and the conflict with the Church came over keenly and clearly. Behind me sat a boy of about 17 and his mother, obviously up in London for a short visit. The play was due to end at 11.5 p.m. Son wanted them to have a three-course dinner in the theatre restaurant ("look, it says 'open till 11.30'"). "But you're looking very tired, dear" said mother. "Why do you keep on saying I look tired? What you really mean is that *you* are tired!" "Well", said mother patiently, "we *have* been to Picasso and *Ben Hur* already today, haven't we?" At that point the curtain went up, so I never learned whether he got his dinner. I have a feeling he did.

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September 10. Gordon and I went to see *Inherit the Wind*. It is only very occasionally that our local Gourmet gets a film that has been well reviewed by Dilys or C.A., and we have to snap up the rare plum when it does appear. The film is based on an actual court case—the trial, in 1925, of John T. Scopes, a young school teacher of Dayton, Tennessee, for teaching Darwin's theory of evolution in a country school, and thereby breaking a law which had been passed earlier in the same year by the Tennessee state legislature. The prosecution was conducted by the fundamentalist orator, William Jennings Bryan, three times unsuccessful Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and Scopes was defended by the great Clarence Darrow, America's "Blackstone Hall". In a hothouse atmosphere of bigotry and prejudice, Darrow did not gain an acquittal—indeed the law took

been quite clearly broken—but he so discredited Bryan, mainly by inducing him to go into the witness-box, that only a nominal fine of 100 dollars was imposed by the judge.

The court scenes, with Fredric March as Bryan, and Spencer Tracy as Darrow, are masterly, and bear comparison even with *Anatomy of a Murder* and *Twelve Angry Men*. It is a film not to be missed, and one of particular interest to a Unitarian. (The film ends at the close of the trial. What happened afterwards was that, on appeal, the Tennessee Supreme Court quashed the fine—a moral victory for Darwin, Darrow, and, last but not least, John T. Scopes.)

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September 11 (Sunday). The 1960 Olympic Games ended today, and we shall feel quite lost without the BBC's *Olympic Sportsview* (but we *shall* be able to get to bed earlier !). Many scenes will linger a long time in the memory. The grace of the Russian gymnasts. The three gigantic U.S. shot-putters mounting the winners' rostrum, and making one fear for its timbers. Wilma Rudolph, the American Negro runner (who could not walk when she was six, because of rheumatic fever) striding regally away from the field in the 100 and 200 metres. Italian attendants wrapping warm blankets round the marathon winner—an Ethiopian. And, over the stadium, the brilliantly devised electronic indicator board, flashing names, results, times, scores, with breath-taking accuracy and promptness. It was a thing of beauty to look at, as well. If I had any say in the matter, I would award its designer a Nobel Peace Prize.

COMMENTARY

FROM AUSTRALIA

By Tom Wardle

ONE of the distinctive counselling problems that ministers run up against in Australia might be called "immigration nerves". The ailment sets in two days to a week after arrival, and may continue for anything from six months to two years !

The Australian Department of Immigration, in its wisdom, fixes two years as the period which an assisted immigrant has to undertake to stay in the country. If he wishes to leave before that time he has to reimburse the Government for his fare to Australia in the first place, and naturally pay his own fare back home.

I imagine this period of two years has been arrived at by some rule of thumb psychological calculation; but it is true that most people know their minds after that length of time in a new situation.

The problems of adjustment are many. The cost of living is considerably higher here than in the United Kingdom, even allowing for the favourable rate of exchange with the Australian pound. Wages and salaries are high too, but hire purchase counts for a good deal. The winters are also colder than Europeans *expect* them to be (they are in reality not as extraordinarily cold as in Britain, say). There is a certain lack of facilities. No national free health service (how used we had become to that); schooling at the junior level is indifferent and books and materials must be paid for. Culture is spread pretty thin and is interpenetrated at nearly all points by a gross commercialism.

There are some of the discoveries which disturb new arrivals in the country. But they are clearly not the basic problem. The basic problem is sheer unfamiliarity. Australia is different from what the migrant has experienced before, and with the impact of this difference there comes a strange sense of insecurity. One is in new surroundings; human relationships have to be established with new people who think and behave in unfamiliar ways. It is no wonder that people feel at first like war-time London children evacuated to the country.

International fellowship

I know, because my family and I felt like that, though some of us have lived through that feeling before and so it didn't last long. With young husbands and wives brought up in the shadow of a secure family and social background the sudden translation to utter independence is too much. So they get nervy, hypercritical, morbidly nostalgic, for an England the like of which never existed even in the most lyrical imaginations of the poets.

Then they make a friend or join a church, and the outlook begins to change. How fortunate ministers are to be able to move, as I did, straight from one group of friends right into the bosom of another group; and what a tribute to the warmth of our international fellowship such an experience provides !

For ourselves, we have now reached the point where the jitters are over and we are able to help other people who have them. The comparing and contrasting is done with, we are able to accept Australia as she is, and appreciate her as she is.

In this we are greatly helped by the fact that Spring has come, and what a riot of gorgeous flowers it promises. Already there have been masses of magnificent white and red camellias, fruit blossoms of every hue, the familiar daffodils and jonquils, but lots of other exotic little flowers besides. Everything grows three times as fast as it does in Britain, and in Victoria at least the climate favours a lush mixed vegetation. At the moment there are snowdrops a foot high in our garden and cacti three feet high at the top of the street. Working in the garden the other day I was suddenly struck with the thought that the soil I was turning over might never have been turned over before in the history of the world ! There are plenty of acres yet in Australia that have never known a spade.

A mixed bag

What about Unitarians and Free Christians in Australia ? Well, they are as mixed a bag as you'll find anywhere. There are those who have grown up in the Church. There are ex-Catholics, ex-Anglicans, ex-Methodists, ex-agnostics. There are pro-creeders and no-creeders. There are Australian-born and migrant members. But, as in Britain, there is a developing mood in favour of more defined coherence within the Church.

Conferences are mooted which may take us further in this direction. Though we do not seek to be a powerful Church yet we must clearly have some degree of ecclesiastical strength to bear the strains of twentieth-century society, and the incredibly rapid growth of other denominations. In Victoria, Roman Catholic schools, convents and churches, massive, tasteful, expensive, are everywhere.

So also are the Presbyterians. Already in a position of tremendous influence, the Presbyterian Church has plans laid for the addition of sixty new parishes within the metropolitan area of Melbourne alone in the next ten years. I wonder what is going to happen in Protestant theology in that time ?

CHURCHES AND CHAPELS

The Portsmouth Church

(A profile of the Rev. John Sturges, minister of the church, will appear next week.)

"YOU seem to enjoy yourself at your church." This was a remark made to me about the John Pounds Memorial Church in Portsmouth's ancient High Street. It was not a criticism but was an appreciation of one aspect of the spirit of this church, and it is refreshing for even in these days people imagine that churches must be joyless and anti-life. Of course, church is not an entertainment, and members of the John Pounds Memorial Church are well aware of that, and an introduction to the Church written by the minister makes it clear that besides being a Unitarian church which "believes in Jesus and follows his teaching", this is a Christian church with a Christian form of worship. But all this does not prevent people from enjoying themselves.

The spirit of a church is more important than its bricks and mortar, and this article is an attempt to give, as it were, a profile of the spirit of this church. Next week I will write about the minister.

The new church, opened in 1956, is built on the site of the old High Street Chapel, which was blitzed in 1941. This High Street chapel played an important part in the life of the old town of Portsmouth for nearly 250 years. The origins of the congregation go even further back to 1662 and throughout that period the congregation knew many famous ministers (John Hickes, Simon Browne, Thomas Wren, Russell Scott) and many famous citizens (Thomas White, Cornelius Collin, Sir John Carter, Sir Henry White, John Pounds, John Bonham Carter, etc.).

Perhaps the most remarkable of these was John Pounds (1766-1839), the cobbler schoolmaster who, although a poor cripple, educated and clothed and fed some hundreds of neglected children in a little cobbler's shop not a stone's throw from the old chapel. After his death men like Lord Shaftesbury heard of his work and the Ragged School Union was formed, and similar schools throughout the country. John Pounds regularly attended the old chapel, and a memorial stone in the garden marks his burial place. When the new church was planned it was decided to name it the John Pounds Memorial Church and so perpetuate the name and work of this remarkable man.

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Even in the days of John Pounds there must have been something about the spirit of the church which attracted. When Sir Adrian Boult laid the foundation stone of the new church, an old journalist said to me: "All the big people used to come here". Perhaps the "big" people, socially, go to the church's near neighbour, the Cathedral Church of St. Thomas, these days—but the congregation John Sturges has gathered round him includes some of the "big" people in another sense; many of them engaged in a variety of social and cultural work. At least two of them are City Councillors and three are magistrates.

The late Dr. Alfred Hall used to speak of the day when his father, a seafaring man, came ashore at Portsmouth and attended a service at the old High Street Chapel because it was conveniently near his ship. He, too, was caught with the spirit of the congregation. Back in his own home he started taking his family to the Unitarian church. We know now the influence that seafarer's visit to the old chapel in Portsmouth's High Street has had on the Unitarian movement.

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I remember my own arrival in Portsmouth eight years ago as a complete stranger. My wife had recently died and I was feeling more lonely than I had ever felt. John Sturges was waiting for me at the station (my good friend Rev. W. Wilkins of Scarborough had written him) and had arranged my lodgings (lodgings where I still live), and on the Sunday I attended my first service. In those days the small Portsmouth congregation were meeting at the Friends Meeting House; it was a Harvest Festival Service and the preacher was the Rev. Lawrence Redfern, with whom my family had been friendly since my boyhood—so, within a few hours, I felt I was "home". The friendly spirit of the "faithful few", remnants of the old High Street congregation, impressed me then and the principal impression visitors take away from the much larger congregation of the new John Pounds Memorial Church is its friendliness.

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There was the Sunday morning of early fog, September 30th, 1955, when the mists cleared away for the foundation stone of the new church to be laid in sunshine by Sir Adrian Boult. That was an event when, rather to our surprise, we all found ourselves taking tea in an Anglican hall—the hall of St. George's Church, a fine example of an 18th century church. And the High Street Unitarian Church, in a letter from the Provost of Portsmouth, the Rev. E. N. Porter Goff, was welcomed back as a neighbour of the Anglican Cathedral in the High Street!

Condemned to Hunger?

For many people, refugees among them, to-day will be another day of hunger. (The children "are reduced to eating roots of grass" reports an Algerian relief worker.)

Hunger hits the young hardest. Those who are barely alive cannot wait - for them the very chance to survive depends on help from overseas coming quickly.

Send to Press Relief, c/o Barclays Bank Ltd., Old Bank, High Street, Oxford.

10/- provides a daily hot meal for 2 weeks for a child in an Algerian refugee camp, under a new feeding scheme.

£5 provides daily vitamin requirements for 10 people for a year, or daily hot milk for 40 children in Hong Kong for one month.

OXFORD COMMITTEE FOR
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SUPPORTERS INCLUDE:- Rev. H. J. McLachlan, The Rev. Sydney Spencer, Rev. H. R. Mosley (Chairman).

Another church memory which I shall treasure is of "The Day John Pounds Came Back to Old Portsmouth." That was in 1938. In the John Pounds Memorial Garden, so near the scene of the cobbler's workshop, members of the church presented Laurie Toulmin's one-act play about John Pounds, "Inasmuch", as a birthday commemoration tribute. In an effective set, the Pounds workshop came to life again in every detail. John Pounds indeed came back to Old Portsmouth that day.

There were two among many highlights. But the abiding witness of the church is in its regular services and institutions, and these are now well supported. It is a beautiful church and every care has been taken to make the buildings and garden attractive, and this may be another reason why the congregation continues to increase. There is an enthusiastic Youth Club and a flourishing Sunday School.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY II

By A Contributor

(This is the second of three articles, to appear at intervals, of a religious autobiography. The writer is a Unitarian but wishes to remain anonymous. The first article appeared on Sept. 17th

AT about fourteen years of age I wanted to believe in God. I wanted the church services to be real. The first intimation of reality came to me particularly through the one sermon I recall from my childhood—that is perhaps why I remember it.

It was at one of those Friday evening services. By this time I was top boy in the choir. For some particular reason this service on this evening was a special Mission service, although the same size congregation was present with the ordinary nine working-men sitting by a pillar.

The visiting Mission preacher was a short stubby man with thick bramble hair, plain features, and heavy brute showing

beneath his cassock. He had a strange mannerism of breathing heavily through his nose when he was preaching and then letting all the air out again in a quick excited rush of words. He wore white, unattached starched cuffs, and when he jabbed his arms at the congregation the unattached cuffs flew up to the knuckles of his hands and had to be pushed back. In no time he was sweating with the effort of his preaching and he had to mop the beads of perspiration on his forehead with his handkerchief. He was so unusual that he held the attention of us boys, first with giggling amusement, and then, as far as I was concerned, with fascination. He had come from the forests of Canada (then a long, long way off). He spoke of God in the forests, in the camps of the lumber-men, and in the fo'castles of ships. I suppose it was very simple stuff, but he meant it, it was real, and I wanted God to be real. I ran down the churchyard by myself that night longing for God to come to life.

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Some months afterwards I was confirmed, in my cassock and surplice. There must have been a couple of hundred other children confirmed with me also. From my seat in the choir-stall, to which I returned after the bishop had laid his hands upon me—I watched the venerable old man. I heard his tired voice rising and falling in the prayer as he placed his two hands on the head of the kneeling child before him. I heard it so frequently that evening that I remember it now, and can understand its grandeur and pathos.

"Protect, O Lord, these thy children with thy most gracious blessing, that they may be thine for ever, and daily increase in thy Holy Spirit, more and more until they come at last to thy Heavenly Kingdom."

Wonderful! Grandeur and pathos! I now know what happened to some of those children. Some of the boys were killed in the first World War. One was brutally maimed for a life-time. For the rest I know, boys and girls, most have borne some of the sorrows of the world and are still men and women.

★

I recall the confirmation service for on the following Sunday I went to my first communion service as a participant. My longing was upon me. I had been taught that at the communion service God would come to me in a special manner. I wanted God to come. As a member of the congregation in the body of the church I laid my head upon the hard back of the chair in front of me and tried hard to make God come to me. I emptied myself of every feeling save this one of longing emptiness into which God could come. But he never came. I was shocked, lonely and afraid. I dared not face my own thoughts, for I did not know what was happening to me, or to those who had taught me.

Very soon because of my cracked voice I was out of the choir. I still attended church very nearly as much, indeed more, for now I participated in early communion once a month on Sunday. By some means or other also, now lost to me, I became a Sunday School teacher. I enjoyed the job and managed to look after fairly well, and "instruct", some boys not far from my own age.

But the vague hunger was still there, and it was satisfied in a dramatic, and ordinarily speaking, in a simple way.

There was a hymn which I disliked very much because I did not understand it. By chance I was standing with my boys in the front row of the church during the afternoon service. I was troubled and longing; I was enjoying what I was doing but I longed for more fulfilment in it. We began to sing the hymn. Suddenly, for no reason at all, a passion of joy surged through me as I sang. I had never known anything like it. The fulfilment that I most desperately desired was actually taking place through the words of the hymn that up to then had been meaningless to me. They miraculously came to life. They said everything. I felt the pulsation of truth around me and was exalted because I had discovered it.

I wanted to tell someone, so I tried to tell the Vicar about it in his vestry after the service. But he had not the slightest idea of what had happened to me. He said, "Yes, yes", in a half-attentive, half-professional way and laid his hand upon my shoulder. But I was not perturbed because he did not understand. I was too achingly happy for that.

That particular joy because of certain intellectual processes taking place within me vanished, but not the memory of it. Something else, that because of more importance, was added to it.

I was about seventeen. It was Whit Sunday. As usual I had been to the first communion at 6 o'clock. It was a glorious late May morning. I remember nothing of my walk to the church, but I remember the service, my restless dissatisfaction with it, and the joy that I had known once more eluding me. When I came out of the church the street in which it stood was more or less deserted, the hills outside the town were laid out in a pattern of beauty, crying to me, the sky was clear with the morning light above me. I was alone. Normally I would have gone home for breakfast, but on this morning I decided—perhaps because of my restless dissatisfaction—to go out into the country.

As soon as I came to a familiar lane leading to the top of the hills I knew that something was about to happen to me. Although living so close to the country I had never been out in it, alone, on a May morning. I was walking entirely by myself in the midst of something that I discovered with an exalted knowledge belonging to me. I hardly walked. I moved in communion with everything around me. I saw for the first time, with my new eyes, the soft immediate young leaves against the blue sky. I caught the sound and the meaning of the meadows hidden from me by the hedgerows, but close to me in imagination and feeling. The interlaced music of the birds made an invisible mesh between me and the sky, but it brought the sky infinitely near, so near that it merged with the earth and with me and there was no break between. Half-way up the hill I turned and saw for the first time in my life the far off sea from that spot. It was mounting wildly and adventurously into the sky, going up to meet it as it were with the rapture of the morning.

I was fulfilled, and my break with the communion service would come sooner or later.

(To be continued)

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES

High Street Chapel, Wareham.—The faithful support of this small congregation in the soul-searching undertaken by the minister exactly two years ago resulted in a unique early September Harvest Thanksgiving Service. Not only was there a programme of recorded music (with explanatory leaflets) but two violins and two recorders played by the children accompanied the Harvest hymns, helping to swell the tone of the small organ which has had to be bought to replace the broken larger one.

Our rejoicing was the greater because we celebrated the completion of the first of three major tasks set before us, namely the conversion of the adjoining property into two flats, both now let. An ingenious scheme of personal but temporary "unit" loans has been so well received that we can now see the builders being paid in full as soon as the final account is presented.

The next task, that of making the Chapel safe, we now trust can be completed in time for the 1962 anniversary celebrations, for we have already raised the first £1,000 out of the £3,000 required. The final task, that of putting the other adjoining property into habitable repair, we hope to begin soon thereafter.

Meanwhile we are grateful for all the support, financial and otherwise, which we are receiving and we are hoping that well-wishers of this small but beautiful chapel will give more of the help we need so urgently. Our growth in numbers and in interest justify our optimism.

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The Upper Chapel, Sheffield.—The Chapel has a long association with America and Harvard. Thomas Hollis (junior) was one of the first trustees of the Chapel, and an early benefactor of Harvard, founding the Chair of Theology there in 1722 and making generous

(continued on page 716)

The Calendar of the Churches

This is not a full list of Unitarian churches, only of those from whom a request has been received to be included.

THE CALENDAR OF THE CHURCHES

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2nd, 1960

Ashton, Unitarian Church, Stamp Street, 11 and 6. Rev. W. R. Tennyson
Ashton-u-Lyne, New Street Meeting House, 11. Rev. J. H. Cowan Davies
Ashton-u-Lyne, Unitarian Church, Knowsley Road, 11.15. Rev. R. Gill, B. Rev. A. J. Lord
Altrincham, Baldwin Road Chapel, 11 and 6.30. Rev. P. R. Godfrey
Apsley, Unitarian Chapel, Hawthorne Road, 6.30. Supply
Bath, Trim Street Chapel, Unitarian, 6.30. Rev. J. Spencer
Belfast, All Souls, Elmwood Avenue, 11.30 and 7. Dr. A. L. Armour
Belfast, First Church, Rosemary Street, 11.30 and 7. Dr. H. J. McLachlan
Bewdley Chapel (nr. Stourport), Unitarian Church, 11. Mr. J. Nicholson
Billingham, Free Church, High Street, 11. Rev. F. Hankinson
Bradford, Unitarian Church, Clare Road, 6.30 (October 9) Rev. Maurice Jeffries
Bradford, Church of Messiah, Bowl Street, 11 and 6.30. Rev. Gordon Stuart
Bradford, Westby Road Church and Manse Road Mission, Small Heath, 6. Rev. Percy Hargreaves
Blackpool, North Shore, Dickson Road, 10.45 and 6.30. Mr. R. A. Watt
Blackpool, South Shore, Lytham Road, 11 and 6.30. Mr. Frank Lowe
Bolton, Bank Street, 2.30, Sunday School, 10.30 and 6.30. Rev. E. Gaskell Pope
Bolton, Unity Church, Dawson Road, 10.30 and 6.30. Rev. A. J. Long
Bolton, Wakefield, 11 and Bullcroft Road, 6.30. Rev. Kenneth Wheeler
Bootle (Liverp.), Unitarian Chapel, Stanley Lane, 6.30. Rev. Harvey Hull
Bournemouth, Unitarian Church, West Hill Road, 11. Rev. S. P. Wintringham
Bradford, Shearbow Avenue, 2.45 and 6.30. Rev. Dudley Reynolds
Bradford, Town Hall Square, 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. Frank A. Hayward
Bridgwater, Christ Church, Dampier Street, 3. Sunday School, 6.30. Rev. Wm. Mellor
Bristol, Unitarian Chapel, 11. Rev. G. Raymond Jones
Bristol, Christ Church, Unitarian, New Road, 11 and 6.30. Rev. Janet Rowland
Bristol, Lewin's Mead Meeting, 6.30. Rev. A. H. Sharpe
Bristol, Oakfield Road, 11. Rev. A. H. Sharpe, 6.30. Mr. R. L. Nicholson
Bury, Bank Street, 11 and 6.30. Rev. T. E. Nottingham
Cambridge, Memorial Church, Emmanuel Road, 11 and 6. Rev. H. Stewart Catty
Canton, The West Grove Unitarian Church, 6.30. Rev. T. J. Jones
Chesham, The Church of the Great Compassion, Hammond Hill, 3. Mrs. Dent-Wood
Chesterton, Bagnall Unitarian Church, Royal Well, 11, Sunday School, 6.30. Rev. Jesse H. Queen
Chester, Matthew Henry's Chapel, Trinity Street, 11, Rev. E. H. Storr, 6.30, Alf. L. Lovell
Chesterfield, Elder Yard Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. A. W. Vallance
Coventry Octon, Atherton, 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. Kenneth Twiss
Coventry, Great Meeting House, Ridgeland Road, 11 and 6.30. Rev. E. H. Mosses
Crewe, Free Christian Church, Beech Street, 6.30. Supply
Croydon, Unitarian Church, Shirley Road, 11 and 6.30. Mrs. M. E. Dickie
Croydon, Free Christian Church, Friends Road, 11. Children's Service, 6.30. Rev. E. G. Lee
Dorking, William Street Chapel, 11 and 6.30. Supply
Dover Free Gate Unitarian Chapel, 6.30. Supply
Dudley, Old Meeting House, 10.45. Dr. E. Grace
Dunstable, Free Church, Half Gate, 11 and 6.30. Rev. Alec L. Peabody
Dyke, Adam Street, Unitarian Church, 11, Sunday School 6.30. Rev. P. C. Wareham
Dublin, Stephen's Green, West, 11.30 and 7.30. Rev. E. Savell Hicks
Dudley, Old Meeting House, Wolverhampton Street, 11 and 6.30. Rev. Norman Emerson
Dunstable, Old Chapel, Chapel Hill, 10.45 and 6.30. Supply
Dyke, Unitarian Church, 25 Conyngham Road, 11. Rev. G. D. Fenn
Edmonton, St. Mark's Church, Castle Terrace, 11 and 7. Rev. Harry Formoy
Exeter, George's Chapel, South Street, 6.30. Rev. Dr. F. D. Maurice-Jones
Gee Cross, Hyde Chapel, 11 and 6.30. Rev. J. Harry Smith
Glasgow, St. Vincent Street, Unitarian Church, 11, Mr. Allen Kenny
Glasgow, Elmbank Street, 2 Sunday School, 12.30 and 6.30. Rev. Alexey Sarin
Gorseinon, Bethesda Street, 2. Rev. Aaron M. Quick
Greenock, Macadam Chapel (Cartsdyke), 6.30. Rev. G. Morris Jones
Guildford, Upper Church, 11. Miss L. M. Hopwood
Hale Chapel, Hale Barns, 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. C. H. Bartlett
Halifax, Northgate End, 6.30. Rev. Bryan Sykes
Hastings, Free Christian Church, South Terrace, 11 and 6.30. Rev. Dawson Rogers
Hastings, Green Meeting, Robin Lane, 11 and 6. Rev. E. A. Elwell
Hereford, Worship Street, 11. Rev. J. Idwal Rees
Hinckley, Paradise Street, 11. Rev. Bryan Sarsby
Hull, Unitarian Church, Park Street, 11. Rev. Stuart Pate
Kendal, Market Place, Unitarian Chapel, 6.30. Supply
Knutsford, New Meeting House, 11 and 6.30. Rev. Bryan W. Hall
Harvest Service
Knutsford, Brook Street Chapel, 11 and 6.30. Rev. W. H. Carnell
Lancaster, St. Nicholas Street Church, 6.30. Supply
Leeds, Mill Hill Chapel, City Square, 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. R. L. Gulland
Leicester, Highcross Street, 11. Junior Church, 6.30. Rev. C. V. Wagstaff
Leicester, The Great Meeting, Race Road Street, 11 and 6.30. Rev. A. B. Dawtrey
Lewes, Westgate Chapel, 11 and 6.30. Rev. Brian Avery
Liverpool, High Street, Unitarian Chapel, 6.30. Rev. H. W. Hopwood
Liverpool, Renshaw Council of Service, 11 and 6.30. Rev. Dr. F. N. Tweedie
Liverpool, Mossley Free Church, 11. Rev. C. A. Piggin
Liverpool, Domestic Street, Mill Street, 6.30. Rev. J. Ellis Skinner
Liverpool, Cornwall Chapel, 11. Rev. J. R. Brown, 6.30. Supply
Liverpool, Hamilton Road, Egerton, 2. Sunday School, 6.30. Rev. C. A. Piggin
Liverpool, Hope Street, 6.30. Rev. S. H. Mellone
Liverpool, Ullet Road, 11 and 6.30. Rev. Ruth Sunley
London, Old Street, Princess Road, 6. Rev. Wynne M. Lewis
London, Blackheath Hillside and Shooters Hill Union Chapel, 6.30. Mr. J. Watson
London, Dalston, Effra Road, 11. Rev. E. G. Lee
London, Essex Church, Palace Gardens Terrace, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 6.30. Mr. G. E. Harrison
London, Forest Gate, Upton Lane, 11. Rev. T. E. Davies
London, Golders Green, Hoop Lane, 11. Miss M. E. Coates, 6.30. Mr. J. Benson
London, Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Clapton Place, 11 (Family Service). Rev. E. E. Grimmer
London, Hampstead, Rosslyn Hill, 11. Rev. Stewart D. Muir
London, Highgate Hill, Unitarian Church, 11. Mr. J. Bennett
London, Kentish Town Road, 11. Rev. R. T. Rowles, 6.30. Rev. T. E. Davies
London, Islington, Upper Street, 6.30. Rev. A. V. Pitt
London, Lewisham Unitarian Church, Quee Road, 11. Rev. A. V. Pitt
London, Lewisham Unitarian Church, High Street, 11. Dr. Sidney Cooper
London, Mansfield Street Church, Richard Cobden, 6.30. Dr. Maximilian Rosenberg
London, Richmond Free Church, Ormond Road, 11. Rev. Wilfrid M. Lewis
London, Stoke Newington Church, Queen Mary College Chapel, 6.30. Opening Service
London, Stratford, West Ham Lane, Unitarian Church, 11.15, Children's Church 6.30. Mr. J. H. Bennett
London, Streatham Unitarian Church, Rev. Hill, 11. Rev. Antonio Rocco (also 6.30, for Sunday in the month) Rev. Gustavo Soler
Lympne, Welsh Unitarian Church at Highgate Hill Unitarian Church, 1st and 3rd Sundays, 6. Rev. T. L. Jones
Lowton, Wood Green, Unity Church, Newdawn Road, 6.30. Rev. R. F. Goddard
Lytham St. Annes (Ansdell), Clumbing Road, 11. Rev. E. W. Dearden
Macclesfield, King Edward Street, 10.45 and 6.30. Supply
Manchester, Unitarian Church, Mosley Buildings, 6.30. Hon. Mrs. Bruce
Manchester, Bradley, Unitarian Chapel, Chapel Lane, 2.45 and 6.30. Rev. R. Gill
Manchester, Cross Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. C. J. Pigott
Manchester, Failsworth, Pole Lane Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. Donald Mills
Manchester, Gorton, Brookfield Church, Hyde Road, 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. Maurice Jeffries
Manchester, Mosley Church, Ecles, 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. W. Hill Wardle
Manchester, Pendleton Unitarian Cross Lane, 6.30. Supply
Manchester, Platt Chapel, Rusholme, 6.30. Rev. F. Kennedy
Manchester, Stretford Road Mission, 6.30. Supply
Manchester, Strand Chapel, Whitefield (October 9th) 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. Sydney H. Knight
Manchester, Wilbraham Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, 11. Supply
Manchester, Wythenshawe, Unitarian Church, Brownley Road, Rusholme, 6.30. Rev. Jesse Gill
Manchester, Old Meeting House, 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. Kenneth Sidebottom
Mossley, Unitarian Hall, 21, Stockport Road, 11 each Sunday
Middlesbrough, Free Christian Church, 6.30. Rev. Lawrence Hallsworth
Middleton, Old Road Chapel, 3.15, Supply
Newcastle-on-Tyne, The Church of the Divine Unity, Ellison Place, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Jesse Storrs
Newcastle (Ramsdale) Bethlehem Unitarian Church, 10.30 and 6. Rev. Jesse Mather
Northampton, Kettering Road Church, 11. Mr. G. Wakefield
Norwich, Octagon Chapel, Colegate, 11. Rev. J. A. Kingsley
Nottingham, High Pavement Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. C. Gordon Ralph
Oldbury, Unitarian Church, Birmingham Street, 11 and 6.30. Rev. Harold A. Goss
Oldham, Lord Street Chapel, 10.45, 3 and 6.30. Rev. F. M. Ryle
Orrell, Manchester College Chapel, 11.30. Rev. H. L. Short
Padiham, Nazareth Unitarian Church, Knight Hill, 10.30 and 6. Rev. John Kelly
Park Lane Chapel, nr. Wigan, 11 and 6.30. Rev. Gwynne L. Oliver
Plymouth, Unitarian Church, Notte Street, 11 and 6.30. Rev. J. R. Blackmore
Poole, Unitarian Church, Hill Street, 11, Junior Church, 6.30. Rev. J. W. Dobbie
Portsmouth, John Pounds Memorial Church, High Street, 11, Junior Church, 6.30. Rev. Jesse Sowerby
Preston, Unitarian Chapel, Church Street, 6.30. Supply
Rochdale, Hope, The Meeting House, 11. Rev. Frances Tebby
Rochdale, Church of our Father, 10.45 and 6.30. Rev. Eric Phillips
Sale, Ashton Road, 11. Rev. Jesse Gill
Scarborough, Unitarian Church, Westborough, 6.30. Rev. G. W. Pederson
Sheffield (Ashbourne), 6.30. Mr. T. R. Sorensen
Sheffield, Pyebrook Old Chapel, 11. Rev. P. Baron Mosses
Sheffield, Unity Church, Crookesmoor Road, 11 and 6.30. Rev. E. D. Davies
Sheffield, Upper Chapel, 11. Rev. A. W. Vallance, 6.30. Rev. L. Chandler
Shipley, High Street, Unitarian, 6.30. Supply
Shrewsbury, Old Meeting, Unitarian, High Street, 11 and 6.30. Rev. H. Worthen
Southampton, Church of the Saviour, London Road, 11. Mr. John Church
Southend-on-Sea, Dunlop Road, 6.30. Mr. Stevenson
Southport, Portland Street Church, 11 and 6.30. Rev. A. J. Hurst
Southport, Unitarian Church, St. Peter's Gate, 10.30 and 6.30. Supply
St. Helens, Congregation Street, 6.30. Supply
Stockport, Wellington Street, 6.30. Rev. A. D. Wharton (also 11, Second Sunday in the month)
Stockport, Presbyterian Unitarian Chapel, 11. Rev. C. Stanton
Stockton, Unitarian Church, High Street, 6.30. Rev. L. Brown Sidney (also 11 First Sunday in the month)
Swansea, Pentrepoeth Free Christian Meeting House, 11. Supply
Swansea, Sardinia Hill Road, 6.30. Women's League
Taunton, Mary St. Chapel, 11. Rev. Wm. Mellor
Tewkesbury, Old Meeting House, Ashford Road, 6.30. Rev. G. Emmas
Todmorden, Unitarian Church, 10.45 and 6
Tonyrefail, Unity Church, off The Square, 11. Rev. Cranmer Eastman
Torrington, Cooper Unitarian Church, 11. Rev. S. Sparrow
Wallasey, Memorial Church, Mossley Road, 3.30. Rev. E. H. Shaw
Warrington, Unitarian Free Church, Stafford Street, 11, Rev. R. J. Williamson, 2.30 Sunday School
Wellington, Cross Street, 10.30 and 6.30. Rev. Starr Wade
Wellington, Unitarian Chapel, High Street, 7. Rev. H. Hemmings
Wellow, Friends' House, Church Road (by permission), 7.30 (last Sunday in the month)
West Bromwich, Lodge Road, 11, Children's Church, 6.30. Rev. R. J. Williamson
West Kirby, Brookfield Gardens, 11, Rev. Alan Williams (also 6.30, First Sunday in the month)
Weston, Fliversgate, 2.30, Mr. E. E. Sparrow
Wellington, Dean Row, 10.45, Rev. S. Worsley, Stud 3. Rev. J. G. Pigott
Yeovil, St. Sidwynges Chapel, 6.30. Mr. R. H. Shaw
The Unitarian Universities Free Christian Fellowship provides for those unable to attend a Unitarian Church. For information write to the Secretary, N.U.F., Essex Hall 1-6 Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

AUSTRALIA

Adelaide, Unitarian Christian Church, Wakefield St., 11 and 7. Rev. Gwyn Griffith
Melbourne, Unitarian Church, Collins St., C.1. Unitarian Half Hour Broadcast, 4.15. Service: 4 p.m. second Sunday in each month, Evening 7 p.m. Rev. V. Jones
Perth, Western Australia, Unitarian Free Christian Fellowship, Rev. R. H. Parker, 132, Duke Street, Northampton, West Australia
Sydney, New South Wales, Unitarian Church, 11, Francis Street (off College St., 7.15. Rev. H. W. Hutchings, Manse Telephone FA 2222
Canadian Registered as Assurance, 7 Collins Street, Melbourne, C.1. Minister Rev. F. H. Wagner. Meetings as announced.
Sydney Community Church, Assembly Hall, Stanford (Fig.), 3.5, weekly at 10 a.m. Public Worship, Evangelist, 2.30 p.m. Minister: Rev. T. H. Wishart

CANADA

Montreal, Church of the Messiah, Sherbrooke Street West and Simpson Street, 11. Rev. Lawrence Moore
Toronto, First Unitarian Church, 175 St. Clair Avenue West, 11, Rev. Jean H. Blewett
Vancouver, B.C., Unitarian Church of Vancouver, 1,550, South Arnaze Thos. 11, Rev. A. F. Hussey

NEW ZEALAND

Auckland, Unitarian Church, Symonds Road, 11 and 7. Mr. M. J. Thom
Wellington, Service suspended—Enquiries—Rev. Cleeve, Tel. 41-252

SOUTH AFRICA

Cape Town, Rose Street, 11, Sunday School: 7, Service, Supply

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(continued from page 714)

gifts in one form or another until his death. The tradition was carried on by later members of the family, and when Harvard Hall was destroyed by fire, they contributed largely to its rebuilding, and replaced many of the books lost in the fire. Two American ministers, William Henry Channing and Dr. Ely Fay, served the Chapel in the second half of the last century; and John Fenler Bland, a Yorkshireman by birth, but raised in America, took his B.D. at Harvard, and later accepted an invitation to minister at Upper. One of the Chapel's ministers, Dr. Brooke Herford, had successful ministries in Chicago and Boston, and was closely connected with Harvard, receiving there an honorary D.D. Ten years ago a representative from Harvard attended the Civic Service which marked the 250th anniversary of the present Chapel. As part of the Congregation's Tercentenary celebrations, the Service on the morning of Sunday, 14th August, was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Richard D. Pierce, Dean and Professor of History and Religion at Emerson College, Boston, and on the staff of the Andover-Newton Theological Seminary. The Service was very much appreciated, as was the considerable trouble Dr. Pierce had taken to make the visit. He flew back to America the same day.

In preparation for the Tercentenary Year the graveyard fronting the Chapel was made into a sanctuary garden, and the stonework of the Chapel's beautifully proportioned classical façade, black with grime, was steam-cleaned and restored to its original rose pink. Now the woodwork of the façade has been repainted white and gold. The Vestibule, which was not included in the fine re-decoration of the Chapel interior in 1950, has also been excitingly renovated in off-white, grey, blue, yellow and black, the scheme being designed and overseen by one of the Chapel wardens, Mrs. A. B. Carter. As head of Painted Fabrics Ltd., and an accomplished artist, Mrs. Carter recently received the O.B.E., and later an honorary M.A. from the University of Sheffield. Meanwhile the scouts have been busy repainting in grey and white the railings and seats of the sanctuary garden, in readiness for the Civic Service at the end of October.

On the first Sunday of January, the Minister, Mr. Whitby, said that however else the Tercentenary Year was marked, particular emphasis should be placed on the needs of youth. A large and well equipped Scout Hut, for the use of all the uniformed sections of the Chapel's youth, has been erected at a cost of £575, mostly loaned, and rests rail-like on the gravestones at the back of the Chapel. The Hut will be dedicated on Sunday morning, 9th October, following a Service attended by representatives from local Troops and by deputations of the Scout Movement.

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Death

Pearson. On September 22nd 1960, peacefully at his home, 5a Lindfield Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.3, Harold Fellows Pearson M.C., aged 82.

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THE INQUIRER

All letters and communications for the Editor must reach him not later than Saturday morning for publication the next week. All communications must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer.

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Those having any difficulty in obtaining copies of this paper should communicate direct with the publisher.

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Unitarian College, Manchester

Nominations are invited for membership of the College Committee. Nominees and nominators MUST be subscribing members of the College. Proposals will be received up to Tuesday, October 11th, by The Hon. Lay Secretary, C. K. Robinson, 878 Hyde Road, Gorton, Manchester, 18.

UNITARIAN COLLEGE, MANCHESTER
OPENING OF THE SESSION, 1960-61

Wednesday, October 12th, at 3 p.m.

Address by the Principal

REV. F. KENWORTHY, M.A., B.D.

"THE MEN, THE MEANS AND THE MINISTRY"

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF SUBSCRIBERS will follow and a cup of tea will be provided. The attendance of all friends of the College is invited.

THE LONDON DISTRICT AND SOUTH EASTERN PROVINCIAL ASSEMBLY OF UNITARIAN AND FREE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES

The Autumn Quarterly Service and Meeting
will be held at
Essex Hall, 1-6 Essex Street, W.C.2.
on
Saturday, 8 October, 1960 at 3 p.m.

Service—The Rev. W. M. Long
Meeting—The Rev. Graham Short, B.A.
and
The Rev. Tom Dalton

All are welcome *Tea 1/- each*

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